



Yule-Horror

By H. P. LOVECRAFT

There is snow on the ground,

And the valleys are cold,
And a midnight profound

Blackly squats o'er the wold;
But a light on the hilltops half-seen hints of feastings unhallowed
and old.

There is death in the clouds,

There is fear in the night,
For the dead in their shrouds

Hail the sun's turning flight,
And chant wild in the woods as they dance round a Yule-altar
fungous and white.

To no gale of Earth's land

Sways the forest of oak,
Where the sick boughs entwined

By mad mistletoes choke,
For these pow'rs are the pow'rs of the dark, from the graves of the
lost Druid-folk.

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